offense and condemned to suffer the same

penalty. The keep was a large tower-room,

iron-grated-a secure but not uncomfortable

place in which to incarcerate a culprit of

him in a dungeon, would have been regarded

as highly improper; but it never occurred

This was the general, if unspoken, idea;

of a plebeian; had he been disposed to make

to a common man : but this did not imply,

hero found himself in a very serious posi-

CHAPTER XVIII.

NO CHALICE FOR ROBERT OF ARGENTON.

It is needless to de. be in detail the im-

posing ceremonies with which the young

Duke of Normandy was instated and de-

clared a Peer of France. Enough to say

that his oath of allegiance to King Louis,

and his act of homage, were publicly re-

peated at the Church of Our Lady of Rouen

proclaimed his right to be heard in the par-

lements, and Hugh le Grand, as Duke of

This event, which was accepted as repre-

relations between Normandy and France,

was made the occasion of much festivity.

the two succeeding days in carousing and

The lingering excitement of the late re-

volt was in the air, however, and a very little

matter was enough to create unpleasant feel-

ing, especially among the Norman soldiery

and the French laucers and halberdiers of

King Louis's royal guard. It required the

nard and Sir Ivo to preserve order among

these armed retainers, and prevent the break-

ing out of any new disturbance in the city

Richard, finding that the friction between

the King's guards and his own men was at-

tributed mainly to the soldiers of Argenton,

Count Robert to withdraw his followers from

Rouen, and return with them at once to his

own fief. This order was transmitted through

the Count of Rouen, for the Boy Duke had

not spoken to Robert, or recognized his

presence in the hall, since that burst of bit-

ter wrath against him for heading the at-

The young Duke, throughout the ceremo-

nies at the cathedral and the ensuing con-

ference with King Louis and the Count of

Paris at the castle, had borne himself with

such an air of state, so dignified and solemn,

that none among his boy associates had ven-

tured to approach him; and amid the serious

councils on the dais, or the merry-making in

the hall, he carried still the sad face and the

silent gravity which kept them at a distance.

Even his elder liegemen deferred to him with

more formality-though not with more re-

spect-than usual. They knew that he was

burdened with a sore remembrance of his

friend the Huntsman Walter and his play-

mate Berenger, the merry minstrel boy.

awaiting-one in prison and one in peneten-

tial solitude—the execution of his mandate:

WEAKENING

tack upon Count Bernard.

young Lord.

utmost vigilance on the part of Count Ber-

A Tale of the 10th Century.

LOUIS D' OUTREMER.

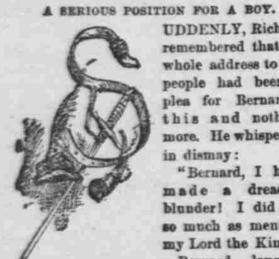
The Boy Duke Speaks in Favor of His Lord the King.

EVREUX CHARTER OF

The King Trembles and Sheds Tears in Childish Terror.

BY FEANCES WILSON ("FANNIE WILLIAMS"), Author of "Harry Redfearn, the Young Machinat"; "Anthony Blake, a Boy of the Period";
"Dick Leslie's Life in Texas," "The Boys of
Brythewaite School," "Rob and Bob," "Prince Brythewsite School," "Roband Bob," "Prince Oist," "The Land Beyond the Golden Cave," Lizabel, the Child of the Storm," etc.

> [COPYRIGHTED .- ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.] PART THE SECOND. CHAPTER XVII.



UDDENLY, Richard remembered that his whole address to the people had been a plea for Bernardthis and nothing more. He whispered

"Bernard, I have blunder! I did not so much as mention my Lord the King!" Bernard laughed outright.

"No, my Lord, you were too much concerned about your tough old vassal to think of any other; but there is time enough yet," he answered. "Try again, and see if you can do as much for your Lord the King as you have done for me. Belike that voice of yours may work a miracle, and make us all in love with Louis d' Outremer."

Ah, but Richard himself was not inspired with such affection for King Louis as to lend his voice the ard, and his words the force which they bad gathered from his grieved and startled love for Bernard. When he spoke on behalf of his Lord the King, it was not from love, but from a sense of duty; and the orator must feel his own heart burn if he would fire the hearts of others.

Richard knew this, instinctively; and since he could not hope, in the King's cause, to move his hearers very deeply, he took another tone as he waved his hand once more for silence and continued his address He announced, with a stately air, that he was about to be confirmed in his rights as a Peer of France, for which purpose King Louis, his Lord, had come to Rouen with Bir Hugh, the Duke of France and other Peers; and he trusted that his liege vassals the burghers of Ronen, and the Lords and people of adjoining fiefs, now that he had natisfied their loyal but needless apprehensions, would peaceably retire and clear the streets for his immediate progress with his Lord the King to the Cathedral of Our Lady -where, before the high altar, he must take his oath of fealty to France, and be invested with the collar of a Peer. This was in accordance with the customs of that time, when obligations of such importance, to give them greater weight and more binding force, were generally assumed at the altar, and accompanied by solemn religious observances.

The Boy Duke further informed his people that King Louis had recognized his claim to the possession of Evreux, the most important stronghold of France at this period; he dwelt upon the just and honorable dealing of the King's decision in his favor, against the rival claims of Count Theobald of Blois, his enemy; he enlarged upon the restoration to his hands of all the power and wealth and feudal honor which his father had enjoyed, and of which the son had been deprived, in large part, by the King's act, in the seizure of Evreux; but Richard was careful not to touch on this

The people heard him with the greatest pride and pleasure; they cheered enthusiastically at every pause in his remarks-but the cheers were all for him. There was no approval manifested for his Lord the King, whose tardy act of justice, apparently, did not burden the Rouenese with any crushing sense of gratitude. At last the Boy Duke turned and took the parchment scroll, which Galeran de Meulan beld in charge, unrolled it with a flourish, and held it up to view.

"Behold," he cried, "the proof that all we claim is rightfully allowed! My Lord the King has placed it in my hands-the Charter of Evreux!"

This dramatic and very boyish ending had something of the effect at which the youthful orator was aiming; much to his content. amid the outburst of applause that followed, there was at least a respectable show of good-feeling toward his royal over-Lord. The people, when they saw that he was pleased, good-naturedly clapped their hands. and many voices cried:

"LONG LIVE THE KING!" "Thou hast some enchantment on thy tongue, my Lord!" said Bernard, in astonished tones.

Richard silenced him with a motion, for King Louis at that instant appeared upon the porch. He was quick to take advantage of a reaction in the public sentiment, which, if not enthusiastic in his favor, seemed to give him a sufficient assurance of personal

Hugh le Grand stepped after the King and stood beside Count Bernard, stately, proud and somewhat scornful of aspect, as he gazed upon the populace; for Hugh was a complete type of the haughtiest and most imperious nobility ever known, perhaps-

the nobility of feudal France—and like all imploring glance, came forward also, and known his misgivings, had he dared; the that he must be ready on the morning of too; he finds no fault with your command to of his class, he held the common people in | said, in his stern voice: contempt, as mere cattle, who would sometimes, like other cattle, break out in rebellion against their lords and masters, if they felt the yoke too heavy or the whip and spur too sharp. He thought it politic enough for Richard in this case to quiet the outbreak by coaxing and persuasion; but if Rouenese." these had been his own people-the "burghers of St. Genevieve," the foresters of Rouve-



ray, the swincherds and plowmen of Passy and Auteuil-Count Hugh would not have coaxed; he would have crushed them.

These were not the people of Paris, how ever; they were Normans. Burghers and men-at-arms, fishers and foresters-even the peaceful agricultural peasantry-they were all descendants of the roving sea-kings and pirates of the north, and not removed by many generations from the wild and fearles followers of Rollo: unlike the common classes in other parts of France, there was a free and independent spirit in them, which was soon apparent that they were only be- made it impossible for him to see the fault even the growing tyranny of feudalism never sieging him with respectful offers of sub- of a noble in so different a light from that quite eradicated. During the reign of Duke Richard II-called "The Good "-there was a remarkable uprising of the lowest class of peasants, who undertook to form an organized government among themselves, and to live without dependence on the pobles. Richard the Good may have merited his title in the judgment of his poble vassals who bestowed it on him, but he certainly showed no mercy in quelling the insurrection of these plowmen. In later days, under Richard III and Robert the Magnificent, when the stern rule of the Barons and th gradual introduction of French ideas and customs had made the masses of the people

dent and their subjection more of no revolts of much importance; but we know that even then the tameless Norman spirit was not extinct among the common people, for, later yet, we have the story of the famous rising of the burghers of Alengon against William the Circle-rode in grand procession to the Conqueror to prove that it still existed; and the spirit of such a people, we may be sure, the streets all open for their progress, the was never wholly crushed, even under the gazing crowds all silent and respectful; heel of that iron despot.

THE FEUDALISM OF RICHARD'S DAY heavily upon the masses; and the Boy Duke was no despot, but a beloved and bonored Lord, for whom his people were ready to make any sacrifice or to face any number of foes. They had no cheers for Hugh the White, though he stood before them like a Paladin, mail-clad from head to heel, his iron circle on his breast, but wearing now no other jewel or adornment save his knightly belt and spurs. He was nearly as tall as Bernard de Harcourt, a younger man, and much the more attractive of the two in face and figure-but the burghers of Rouen gazed on him in silence. He had kept aloof in the time of their great calamity, and though he had been their ally, in whose battles they had never refused their help, had made no move to avenge the murder of Longsword, nor any tender of his alliance to their orphan Duke. They had

no cheers for him. King Louis was kindly greeted after Richard's explanation of his purpose in coming to Rouen with such a company. The Boy Duke stepped aside to make way for him, bowing deeply, and waving his hand to claim the attention of the populace; and the King, in a voice that betrayed his agita-

tion very plainly, began to speak. It was probably the most abject speech that ever emanated from a Sovereign's lips before a gathering of the masses. According to all accounts, King Louis's behavior, in pitiful and cowardly to the last degree. They had made it evident that he had nothing to fear from them, so long as he dealt fairly by their Boy Duke; but he was false at heart, for all his fair pretensions, and the secret consciousness of treachery within him. doubtless, caused him still to dread their wrath. He fairly begged them to believe that he was Richard's friend, and promised to do all and more than they had ever asked of him in reparation of his past injustice; he pointed to the Charter of Evreux in Richard's hand, as a proof of his sincerity; and he swore by all his guardian saints that he would take measures at an early day to punish the wicked deed which had made their Duke an orphan. We are told that he embraced the Boy Duke, with extravagant protestations of affection; that he "trembled exceedingly," and actually shed tears in his

childish terror. Such an exhibition on the part of his liege-Lord was painful beyond measure to the high-souled son of Longsword. He saw the look of stern contempt on Bernard de Harcourt's countenance, the palpable sneer on the lips of Hugh the White, and the angry and disgusted faces of the other French Lords; and as the King came to a pause he started forward impulsively, exclaiming: "Sire-my Lord! Say no more, I pray

thee! The people are satisfied. I PLEDGE MY WORD THEY SHALL BE

SPEEDILY DISPERSED," Bernard, in response to his young Lord's

"I add my pledge. If your Majesty will please to retire, I will undertake to clear | the heaviest punishment he could inflict was | Richard perceived that in the case of Huthe castle court and have the streets free for your passage to the cathedral within an hour from now. Your Majesty will not be molested; I can answer for my friends the

with you also," murmured Louis. "But for Duke Richard's interference they would have taken your life."

"That is over; it was only a mistake," said Bernard, coldly. "I de not fear the

King Louis, though he did not seem entirely to rely on Bernard's power to keep his promise, withdrew into the hall; and the Count immediately called for his horse, and said to Richard:

"I will go down amid the crowd and clear the way for you, my Lord; they will obey on that command alone. I know themthese devils of Rouenese! The King will do well to fulfill his word, and pronounce you a Peer of France right speedily, or he will have them about his ears again like a nest of hornets roused!"

"Is it wise, Bernard, for you to trust yourself among them, just yet?" asked high degree. To put Walter in irons or lock Richard, uneasily.

Bernard answered, with decision: "As well now as any time. The people | to anyone, least of all to the prisoner himhave not angered me greatly, and that's the truth, my Lord; but they must also under- duly harsh to Hubert, the brass-worker's

stand that they have not frightened me." The Count, having dispatched his Esquire for him; that which in regard to the two to bring his sword and a cloak with which | young nobles could be called a boyish fault, to cover his bloodstained garments, mounted a mere outbreak of mistaken loyalty, conhis horse, and accompanied only by Esme | doned by every possible excuse, became on and two or three soldiers, who followed Hubert's part an outrageous crime, for which crowd with all his usual air of undisturbed authority. Richard watched him anxiously but it was not Richard's view. There was as the burghers pressed around him, but it an inborn sense of justice in his mind which

mission and appeals for pardon. He was joined by Robert of Argenton and a difference, indeed, he would have blamed one or two other nobles who had given their | the young artisan least of all three offendsanction to the popular uprising, and even ers, as being the one most likely to have raised their voices in the clamor against his erred through ignorance. Richard believed, life, and who now united in the general ex- of course, that a noble was created superior pression of regret; and Richard, as he saw them bare their heads before him, and heard in his opinion, a less degree of culpability that deep, commanding voice ring out, on the noble's part, when both were engaged "Clear the way! Clear the way for our Lord | in wrong-doing. Because of their nobility, the Duke!"-as he beheld the now quiet he considered that Walter and Berenger throng ebbing slowly from the courtyard, as were more responsible, and should be dealt if drawn away in the wake of that stately | with most severely. It will be seen that our figure-knew that Bernard was safe with "his friends the Rouenese," and became tion for a boy. aware at the same moment that the stormbells of Rouen were stilled.

A little later the Duke of Normandy with his Lords and Knights, and the King France with his royal retinue—it might be added the Duke of France with his Iron Church of Notre Dame de Rouen, and found silent at least until the Duke appeared, and then their joyous acelamations were mingled freely with shouts of long life to King Louis. It seemed a marvel to the King that | France, laid on his neck the jeweled collar such a change had been effected in so short a time; but Richard smilingly assured him that Count Bernard could do greater things | senting the establishment of more amicable

It has been made the subject of surprised remark by different historians that Richard's and the crowds of people who had collected people, one and all apparently-even Ber- at Rouen with so different an object, spent nard the Dane, astute as he was-should have been so easily deceived by King Louis's rejoicing after the unrestrained fashion of professions and promises, which were known to be so unreliable. We may suppose, however, that Count Bernard was not deceived. He placed little confidence in Louis, but he did rely-perhaps too much-upon the SELF-INTERESTED PRIENDSHIP OF HUGH

t was apparent that Hugh was making



A PEER OF FRANCE.

very certain that he would now support the interests of Normandy, because in so doing he would best advance his own; and any cause, backed by his more than kingly power, became invincible.

As for Richard himself, he was far too honest and ingenuous to cope with such an adept in duplicity as Louis d'Outremer; and the mass of his Norman people, perhaps, were much the same.

There were some, however-there were three at least-who never did believe in the and they understood how heavily that bur- in which your Lord the King conducted things, King's good faith, for one moment; but they | den weighed upon his boyish heart. were all too young to offer their opinions NEVERTHELESS HE SHOWED NO SIGN OF upon affairs of State. One of them was Guy de Briancourt, who had theoretically the or relenting in his purpose, and no one same right as any other Norman Baron to sought to move him save Bernard the Dane be heard in a Council of the Lords, but | -the one who might have been expected, whose position, as the pardoned son of a rebel and outlaw, made him feel it an im- verity. Sir Ivo de Belesme had his orders. possible presumption to claim any privilege and, as usual, he obeyed his Lord's comof such a nature, until time and opportu- mand without remonstrance or remark. nity had been afforded him to prove his loy- Walter was informed that he had two days' alty, and his gratitude for Richard's clem-

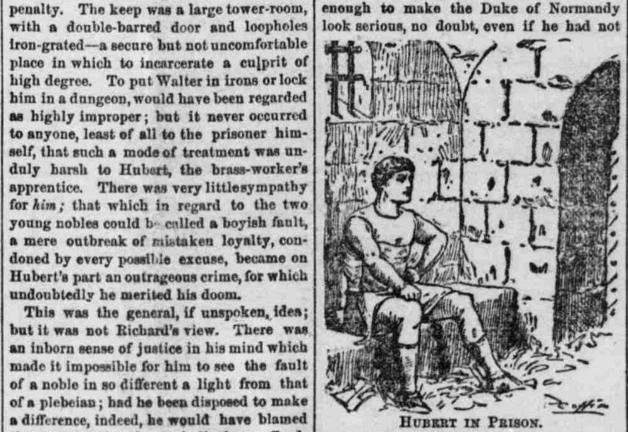
Of the three who felt most thoroughly same announcement was conveyed to Hubert, convinced that King Louis was false, Guy | the brassworker's apprentice, in his dungeon; was the only one who could have made while Berenger was given to understand

their Boy Lord in such extreme degree that | charge. now impending on their heads. Berenger, bert his judgment was accepted with genthe Breton minstrel boy, had been placed eral approbation. Certainly, he deserved no

under arrest as soon as he returned to the less a punishment than death-a common castle, and forbidden to communicate with | fellow, who had dared to lift his hand any Norman subject save Sir Ivo de Belesme; against the Count of Rouen! Since justice "Nay, Count Bernard, they are angry while Walter the Huntsman, being Rich- seemed to call for Hubert's death, it was ard's immediate vassal, and the guiltiest plain enough to Richard's mind that he offender in his eyes, had been ordered to a | could listen to no plea for elemency to Walmore severe confinemement in the prison- | ter; he could not pass that sentence upon the burgher youth and spare the noble; it

It was known all over the castle was impossible. that Richard the Duke had pronounced | As for Robert of Argenton, the Boy Duke the doom of death for Walter, and of ban- had no compunctious feelings in regard to ishment for Berenger; and every heart him; for a Norman Lord, of Count Bernard's was full of grief and pity for them own degree, to uphold a charge of treason both. At the same time, there was another against the faithful Dane-this was an outyouthful prisoner, with fetters on his limbs, rage and an insult which he was not in the locked in a cell among the wine vaults, to least disposed to pardon. Bernard's magnanimous behavior in the matter did not which the High Constable, Sir Ivo, would not have dreamed of sending the reputed lessen his wrath, but rather made him feel son of a noble, though guilty of the same the more indignant.

> These cares, perplexities and sorrows were enough to make the Duke of Normandy



been a boy; but Richard had another sub ject of importance to reflect upon. It was the prospect of a journey to Lasn in com-

pany with the King. There was nothing surprising in this prospect, after what had taken place. It transpired that a parlement, or council of the Lords of France, was soon to be held at Laon, King Louis's capital, for the arbitration of a difficulty which had been referred by the King and his nominal vassal, the Count of Paris, to Otho the Emperer, with whom they were both connected was wedded to a sister of Otho. The two sisters have more influence and favor with the Em-

the King and the Dake of France than history has averred. The Emperor had more than dispute, when the rival claims of Queen Gerthe quarrel was not between the King and with great solemnity, after which the King | Hugh the White, the point of disagreement. unless it could be adjusted, seemed likely to lead to some fighting, in which the Duke of Normandy might have to take a hand. It was decided, therefore, that Richard should

attend this council, AT WHICH THE EMPEROR WAS EXPECTED

On learning this, he made his preparations for the journey with an eagerness which would have been delight, but for the heavy trouble on his mind. To behold the Emperor, the glorious head and light of chivalry, at whose august hands he hoped in time to take his accolade of Knighthood-this was a thought which would have alled his youthful heart with happiness at any other time; but now it brought to mind his talk with Berenger the minstrel boy, upon that very theme, and moved his heart with grief instead of joy. Before he started on his way to France he must part with Berenger to meet no more; and his huntsman, Walter-but

he could not think of Walter. Bernard de Harcourt approached him, as he sat apart and silent, at a moment when the temporary withdrawal of the King had left him to his thoughts-Bernard approached and said to him, in sympathizing tone:

"Thou art sad, my Lord." Richard looked up, with wet eyes, and ex-"Ob, Bernard, it is hard to be a Duke!"

while King Louis remained the guest of their "Do not make it harder than it must be, the nature of things, to one so young, my Lord, said Bernard, gravely. Meulan came up, and saluting Richard, stood

waiting permission to speak.
"What is it, Galeran?" asked the Boy Duke. as a means of keeping the peace commanded "My Lord, the Count of Argenton is ready to take his leave of you." The tearful expression disappeared from

Richard's blue eyes in a moment, and he an-"Tell the Count of Argenton he is at liberty to depart without going through any such formality. All that I require of him is to get his turbulent retainers out of Rouen as soon as

Galeran, with a blank look of dismay, but without speaking, made his bow and moved away; but Bernard said, reproachfully: "My Lord, this was not well. Count Robert of Argenton is not the man to be dismissed like an offending servitor. He came hither in hot haste, on the flying rumor that you might need his help; and finding such a state of things on his arrival, and hearing such a tale

wonder he lost his head a little. His heart is true, as you will find, my Lord." "Bernard, he called you a traitor! I cannot pardon that!" "I can, my Lord, and easily. Robert is young," said Bernard, half smiling, "and I hold no grudge against a parcel of boys, if they did misjudge me in the fever of their loyalty-poor lads! It likes me well that your young liegemen take alarm so quickly, Richard, when it seems your rights are threatened; there was cause enough in this case, by the saints! It would have been a marvel, in truth, if no trouble had arisen from the offensive manner

and took possession here-a malediction on him! Such a poltroon as he, TO BEAR YOUR HOMAGE ON HIS HAND!" "Bernard !"

speak his mind; I cry your pardon," grumbled Bernard, crossly. He was suffering more pain from his wound than he would willingly have more than others, to acquiesce in his seowned, and it made him irritable. He continued in a milder manner: "As for Robert, he has offered me all possible amends to my honor—in truth, he would have hum-bled himself too much, but I would not have it; he is a Norman Lord. I am satisfied, and hold him as my friend. I do not say it time allowed him to prepare for death; on would be wise to let him linger with his folthe third day he must meet his fate. The lowers at Rouen just at present. Those men of could be done to keep them quiet, were they disappointment.

other two had incurred the anger of that day to start for Nantes in Sir Ivo's go. But, my Lord, it seems too hard if he must go without your pardon." "All that you can say in his favor, Count,

will make me none the more inclined to pardon him," said Richard, firmly. At this moment Galeran was seen returning, with a troubled countenance; and he saluted, for the second time, in such a hesitating manner that Richard, though annoyed, had far too much regard for him to show the feeling, and

spoke to him as kindly as before.

"Well, Galeran?" "My Lord, the Count of Argenton-" "That will do, said Richard, in a gentle but decisive tone of voice. "No more about the

Count of Argenton." To his amazement, Galeran, the most obedient of messengers, whose ctiquet was faultless and his duty ever faithfully observed, instead of stepping back with his usual silent and respectful bow, kept his ground, and said, with downcast eyes:

"My Lord, I crave your pardon. Give me eave to deliver this message, I entreat." Looking up as he spoke, and meeting Richard's glauce of grave surprise, he faltered: "I promised, my Lord."

"Very well," said the Boy Duke, "I will not force you to break your word, Galeran. Say

"Thanks, my Lord. Count Robert says," continued Galeran, "that he is deeply grieved at being so unfortunate as to have displeased you, very justly. But he is no rebel; he is your egeman and true vassal." There was a perceptible hesitancy in the young Herald's accent at this point; but he quickly added: "He will take his men away at once, as you direct, my Lord. He only begs that he may be permitted to offer you his homage ere he goes.'

"Was that all he said?" asked Richard, quietly. "Have you not omitted something? Galeran was silent. "Speak, Galeran-did not the Count of Ar-

genton say more than you have told me?" insisted Richard, with a searching glance. "Nay; ask me not, my Lord," entreated

"I think," said Richard, "that he added something further; and I think it was a Galeran said nothing. "Am I right?" Richard said this in a tone of command.

Lord's gaze without flinching. He answered, with admirable respect and dignity: "Yes, my Lord. He was cut to the heart by your severity, and on the impulse of his grief

he did forget himself,

AND SAID SOME BASTY WORDS, which I am sure he did not mean, and which would ill become me to repeat. And spoken as they were—immediately regretted as I know-I trust, my Lord, you would not wish

Bernard de Harcourt gazed youth in profound approval, as he uttered this reply. It showed that he knew the privilege, as well as the duties, of the office for which he had been trained. It was permitted to a Herald, if he had the courage, to reprove his liege-Lord-and Galeran had the courage, it appeared. Richard saw that he had received a reproof which was intended to be such. After a

noment he said, gravely: "You are right, my dear Galeran; but remember, since you have assumed the function of a Herald, that you must not bereafter do the office of a page. As for the Count of Argenton. he has received his answer.'

"If I am a Herald, and no more a page, my Lord," said Galeran, boldly, "may I not entreat you to recall that answer? Will you not receive Count Robert?" "I will not," said Richard, firmly.

"Richard, my Lord, I pray you do not say o!" exclaimed the Count of Rougn. " Receive "No! It is for your sake, Bernard, that I

blame him more than others in this affair," was the Boy Duke's resolute answer. Rernard rejoined "You may want his ready service, Richard, sooner than you think-for we cannot tell now. If it were not for Hugh of Paris I would not trust your Lord the King; we may have trouble yet. When Robert is the first to rush

to your support in some hour of greater need you will not blame him so harshly for his haste on this occasion. Remember, this is one of your mightiest Norman vassals, my Lord; you cannot afford to lose his homage, and if you scorn him so he may bestow it elsewhere." "Let him dare! "My Lord, there is not much that Robert of Argenton would not dare, if he had the will to do it," replied the Count. "If that were all the argument, however, I would not urge his

cause; be it far from me to wish that you should stand in awe of any vassal, however powerful. No, you shall never lose a Norman of-but Robert has no thought of such a thing. He loves you, Richard.'

"Those who love me," said Richard, sternly, must not strike my best friend. He gave the young Herald a look of such decision that he made his formal reverence with no more words, and went sadiy away to acquaint Count Robert with the unsuccessful result of his errand. It was the greatest of marvels to Galeran to find his gentle young Lord so unyielding all at once; and to Bernard de Harcourt, of all men, it was a new experi-

TO ASK ANYTHING OF RICHARD AND BE RE

Bernard stood so long without speaking, and with so grave a countenance, that Richard looked at him uneasily; but at last he said: "Since you will not see Count Robert, must ask you still to hear me in his stead, my Lord. He is much distressed in mind by what you said-that he should forfeit his prospect of seconding a Knight of the Golden Chalice. He would rather lose his castle and city of Argen-

"Bernard, I spoke in just resentment!" interrupted Richard. "And I feel it still, when | and this led to an exchange system, which see you wince and bite your lips with the pain of that wound, as you did a moment since; you call it nothing, but it might have cost your ife. Count Robert's father built the Castle of Argenton; his liegemen built the town; they are his own-but the Golden Chalice is mine, to give or to withhold. I will not give it to Robert of Argenton! 'Tis true I am a boy; but when a vassal of mine has done you wrong, Bernard, he shall be made to know that I am also Duke of Normandy!' as they were shouting in the streets, it was no "Well, my dear Lord, I ask you to reflect in

calmness, as becomes the Duke of Normandy, and think how heavy is the sentence you have first floor, and when the right man was paclaid upon the Lord of Argenton. I am a Knight," said Bernard the Dane; "I know what honor attaches to this emblem-" he touced the Golden Chalice on his breast-"and how a youthful heart may long for it. I know what grief Count Robert feels to think the hope of its attainment must be lost to him. Do not send him away so heavy-hearted, Richard; let me take him word that you will not refuse him an opportunity to win the chalice yet." Unfortunately for any effect which Ber-

nard's eloquence might possibly have wrought in favor of Count Robert, he made a movement in his earnestness that set his wound to bleeding. His involuntary start, the twitching of of his lips and the red spot which appeared upon his bandaged shoulder, made a mute an-"Oh, I know, my Lord, a man must not peal to Richard's heart more powerful than words; it counterbalanced the weight of Bernard's generous plea for the man who had been foremost in the late revolt against him. The but angry lips, and said, vehemently:

"Bernard, I implore you to sit down and be quiet! I wish you would get Friar Axel to take care of that cut; I do not believe Esme understands it. And say no more to me about the Count of Argenton! I will not listen to another syllable in his behalft" Count Bernard did not sit down, or send for

Ohio Prisoners Hold an Election in Libby Prison.

GREENBACK vs. GRAYBACK

A Negro Whipped for Attempt-

ing to Escape from Libby.

A DRAMATIC SCENE.

The Rebels Did Not Betray the

Trust Placed in Them.

J. W. CHAMBERLIN, LATE CAPTAIN, CO. A. 123D OHIO, AND BREVET MAJOR.



CTOBER 13, 1863, the officers from Ohio, 165 in number, held an election, 162 votes being cast for Brough, one for Jewett, two not voting. It was an exciting day, as much so as an election day at home could have been. New prisoners were brought in every few days, until the number in Libby reached nearly 1,200. The new arrivals were designated as " fresh

fish," and a great deal of sport was had at their expense until they became thoroughly

Notwithstanding all the privations en-

dured, an unflinching lovalty to the old flag was maintained. One officer, suspected of disloyalty, was arrested, tried by an informally-organized drumbead court-martial. pleaded guilty, was sentenced; but elemency was exercised and sentence suspended. Some 10 or 12 negroes were kept on the first floor to do police work in the different rooms. They were not permitted to go outside the

guards around the prison. During the night of July 24, 1863, those of us on the second floor were aroused by the cries for mercy of a poor darky who was being whipped. As we afterwards learned, a barrel was laid on the floor, he was laid over it, and received on his bare back 250 lashes by actual count. This was done, as we supposed, for exchanging money, but the

FOR ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE. Soon after the writer became an inmate of -Libby, he found it necessary to exchange



PAROLED REBEL PRISONERS

greenbacks for Confederate money to enable us to purchase anything. It was a criminal offense for a citizen of the Confederacy to sell anything and take his pay in greenbacks. ton. You spoke in anger, Richard, like a The blockade runners were very anxious to get the greenbacks to make their purchases. was carried on through the rebel guards My first attempt resulted in an exchange of \$2 of Confederate for \$1 of Federal money. Succeeding pretty well in my attempts in this line, others brought me their money, as they needed it for use, and I would sometimes have several hundred dollars to exchange at one time.

My plan of operation was to station myself at the head of the stairs leading to the ing his beat at the bottom of the stairs, signal to him, and as he walked along with his gun



PAROLED UNION PRISONERS. (From a sketch made at the time.)

Boy Duke started to his feet, with anxious eyes on his shoulder, bayonet fixed, he would move the bayonet along on the wall above his head, writing the number of dollars he would give me for one. If satisfactory, I would roll up my money in as small a wad as possible and quietly drop it near his feet. where he could pick it up without stopping Argenton so hate the French they would be like | the Friar; but he said no more. And Robert | in his walk. If he made the exchange speedenough to stir up an outbreak, in spite of all that of Argenton, soon after, went away, in bitter ily, he would toss a little roll up when he came on his beat again. Sometimes it would